



For the joy it being past,
 fresh ones they still do bloom,
 As if all things did conspire,
 To yield their desire,
 with such sweet joys that will ne'r consume :
 But whilst the Chistial Springs do stream,
 And Mirtle Shades most pleasant are,
 which the Pimphs they do raise ;
 Whilst they embrace each other still,
 with all the pleasures Cupid can yield,
 Whilst they pant in Love, the powers above,
 with Envy view the field.

And with they so happy were,
 such Charms that they might know,
 And Venus her self grows proud,
 to see how they crowd,
 to admire her Conquests here below :
 Where Cupid did shoot equal Darts,
 and made each feel his mighty Power
 Which nothing can resist,
 but his Godhead all must adore :
 Whilst he makes each proud heart to submit,
 to his obliging will,
 Whilst Celia does keep, her Spouse from sleep
 and makes him his task fulfill.

Then to feed the tender Lambs
 unto the folds they haste,
 And the Violet Beds they press,
 Then the time you'l guests,
 they neither of them do idly waste :
 But with soft murmers Charms of Love,
 each other they do still supply,
 No joys like harmless Love,
 which lasting is, and cannot dye :
 But endless joy it does still create,
 which nothing can exceed,
 Whilst the streams below, do freely flow,
 and great contentment breed.

Damon and Celia in their Love,
 seek each for to outvie,
 To the world examples set,
 None so true e're met,
 since bright Phoebus did adorn the sky :
 how blessed then are wedlock joys,
 where all things do conspire our Bliss,
 When soft, the fair Bride cries,
 love Charms with a murmuring kiss :
 Whilst under the window the Musick sounds,
 she hugs him in her arms,
 On her back she lyes, with turn'd up eyes,
 and lulls him with her Charms.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in West-Smith-field near the Hospital-gate.